

ADDRESS TO AULD SCOTLAND

By ROBERT ORR, Junior

My address to Auld Scotland, the place o' my birth,
To thy mountains and glens, to that fair spot on earth,
To the home o' my childhood on Carnock's clear stream;
Thy dear heather hills I aft see in my dream.

I see Cock-ma-lane that stands high on the moor,
Above auld Glengarnock, whose walls have endured
The storm wreck of ages, the moor's piercing wind,
And the river below dashing through Garret's Linn.

The sauch and the rowan tree nod to the blast,
As wave after wave is hurrying past,
And the mavis sings bonnie on hawthorne and birk;
Yes, weel I remember the auld parish kirk.

Oh, can I forget the hours I ha'e stayed,
And how aft on the stenslers' o' Carnock I've played,
And caught the wee guttles that darted along,
And hunted for nests o' the robin and wren.

Paduffs wee burnie rins wimpling along,
Methinks I can hear that sweet murmuring song,
As down through the bank 'neath the Craigus twould steal
Where aft I hae watched the old water wheel.

I see the boss tree stand close to the knowe,
Whar bonnie sweet gowans 'inang sourocks would grow,
The loch wi' her cairn and plantation sae braw,
Are dear to me yet if they are far awa'.

There is nae a spot my heart can forget,
Whar in youth I hae strayed or freens I hae met;
On the green by the Mill where George and I ran,
And poued the wee gowan o' my native land.

Yes, I remember auld Scotia's green braes,
Ye blue bells and thistles I'll sing to your praise,
Your woods and your streams, where wild birdies sing,
And bring to the ear sweet notes o' the spring.

Kilbirnie the hame whar my forefathers sleep,
The hame o' my childhood across the blue deep,
Auld Scotia in tears I must bid you adieu,
I love you sae fondly, I'll still think of you.

In sorrow I must bid adieu to the past,
To the scenes I still love, for my lot it is cast
In a far foreign clime, in a land they ca' free,
But dearer by far is auld Scotia to me.

ADDRESSES TO HIGHLAND SCOTLAND

By ROBERT ORR, Junior

My native is Auld Scotland, the place o' my birth,
To thy mountains and glens, to that fair spot on earth,
To the haime o' my childhood an' Carrick's clear stream,
Thy dear mother hills I aft see in my dream.

I see Carrick's haime that stands high on the moor,
Aboon auld Clangarnock, whose walls have endured
Thir stormy winds of age, the moor's piercing wind,
And the river below dashing through Carrick's Linn.

The sound and the rowan tree nod to the blast,
As we've aften we're is hurrying past,
And the muir sings hamma on hawthorne and birch;
Yea, weel I remember the auld parish kirk.

Oh, can I forget the haime I hae strayed,
And how oft on the strings o' Carrick I've played,
And collected the wee gables that dattled along,
And hushed the nests o' the robin and wren.

Peduffs wee burzie rine wimpling along,
Methinks I can hear that sweet murmuring song,
As down through the bank 'neath the Craigus 'twould steal
Where aft I hae watched the old water wheel.

I see the boss tree stand close to the knowe,
Whar bonnie sweet gowans 'mang sourocks would grow,
The loch wi' her cairn and plantation sae braw,
Aye dear to me yet if they are far awa'.

There is nae a spot my heart can forget,
Whar in youth I hae strayed or freens I hae met:
On the green by the Mill where George and I ran,
And poued the wee gowan o' my native land.

Yea, I remember auld Scotia's green braes,
Ye blue bells and thistles I'll sing to your praise,
Your woods and your streams, whar wild birds sing,
And bring to the ear sweet notes o' the spring.

Kilbirnie the haime whar my forefathers sleep,
The haime o' my childhood across the blue deep,
Auld Scotia in tears I must bid you adieu,
I love you sae fondly, I'll still think of you.

In sorrow I must bid adieu to the past,
To the scenes I still love, for my lot it is cast
In a far foreign clime, in a land they ca' free,
But dearer by far is auld Scotia to me.